

ARLINGTON ENTERPRISE.

VOL. 2. NO. 33.

ARLINGTON, MASS., MAY 19, 1900.

TWO CENTS



For a good suit of clothes and a guaranteed fit, go to
J. J. LOFTUS,
the leading tailor
Spring & Summer Goods Now In.
Repairing Neatly Done.
Ladies' tailoring.
Sherburne Building, Arlington

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Agent for the following specialties:
Agnelus Flour, Revere Coffee, Hatchet Brand Canned Goods,
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Our meats are carefully selected. Our vegetables are grown on Arlington farms.
For your patronage we will try to please and guarantee all goods as represented.
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R. W. LeBARON,
Electrician and Contractor.

Electric Flat Irons, Electric Stoves, Curling Iron
Heaters, Incandescent Lamps, all styles and candle power. Elec-
tric Lights, Bells and Telephones installed. Medical Batteries
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Telephone Connection.
478 Mass. Avenue. Arlington, Mass

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A Beautiful Oak Rocker given
absolutely free.

Call at our store and procure a special cash offer card. Have the amount
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\$20.00 return the card to us and we will deliver at your home a splendid oak
rocker entirely free of charge. The retail price of the rocker is \$4.00 and can be
seen in our show window.

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633 Massachusetts Avenue

A. BOWMAN,
Ladies' and Gent's TAILOR,
487 Mass. ave., Arlington.

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Steam and Hot Water Heating,

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PIPE AND FITTINGS FOR SALE BROADWAY AND WINTER STS.,
AT BOSTON PRICES. ARLINGTON.

Boilers Re-tubed. Artesian Wells. Wind Mills. Roofing.

In all work contracted for the latest devices and most approved appliances are used and
personal attention given to every job. Estimates furnished on contracts of any amount and sat-
isfaction guaranteed. Sept 19, 1900

Belmont Crystal Spring Water
BELMONT, MASS.

D. L. TAPPAN, Prop. 269 Mass. Ave., Arlington
TELEPHONE CONNECTION.

C. A. CUSHING, Arlington Heights, **WILLIAM WHYTALE,** Finance Block,
YERXA & YERXA, Post-office Block

Sell Belmont Crystal Spring Water.

Orders by mail or telephone will receive prompt attention. Orders taken at H. A. Perham's
Drug Store, P. O. Block, will receive immediate attention.

Arlington News.

Janitor White of the post office is ill at home.

Mr. Edward Brown and family have gone to Cape Rozer, Me., for the season.

Be sure you read the tree warden's notice and act accordingly.

Where are you to summer? is now the question of many of our Arlington people.

Mr. Joseph Butterfield of Lake street had an oil-cloth suit stolen Thursday night from his barn.

A new lodge of the U. O. of L. O. L. is to be instituted Tuesday evening and will be known as Golden Rule lodge.

Mr. J. S. Moulton and wife of Haverhill are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Crosby of No. 1 Park terrace.

A decided improvement will have been made in our electric system of travelling when the number of passengers shall not exceed the number of seats.

The Arlington Wood Working Co. of Mill street are doing a large business. Their advertisement appears next week. This firm do nothing but the finest of wood work.

Who saw that forty pound turtle which the boy Clark captured down by Spy pond the other day? It must have been the mate of the turtle which Noah took into the ark.

The same trouble or difficulty that exists in our public schools the country through largely exists in all professional and business life. We fail in our work because we are such cowards that we do not dare to do right.

The Kingsley club will hold a poverty party in Menotomy hall on Tuesday evening, May 29, when a prize will be awarded to the most poverty-stricken attired lady and gentleman. A spirited contest is expected.

Selectman Farmer must have "cast his net on the other side of the boat" on Wednesday, or otherwise he would not have caught those three beautiful specimens of black bass in the Concord river which we saw and admired.

That beautiful elm tree which stands near the Town hall was set out some 30 or more years ago by the Hon. Joseph S. Potter and the late J. Winslow Peirce. The tree was brought from West Medford. "He who plants a tree has not lived in vain."

Any man who can enjoy his religion on such a day as this—Friday, May 18—with the steam heat a minus quantity, the furnace fire out, and all the stoves down, is unquestionably a Christian man all the year around.

The gentleman who was treated to a "loaded" cigar the past week after declaring no one could fool him, and then also the other two who got mixed up in a money dispute, certainly have our sympathy, especially the smoker.

Cards are out announcing the approaching marriage of Miss Dorothy Tempe, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ephraim Adams, 10 Addison street, and Mr. Ralph Nathan Smith. The ceremony will occur on the evening of June 6, at the home of the bride.

Miss Blanche Rosenum of Kalamazoo, Michigan, is a guest of Miss Maude Harriman, at her home, 701 Mass avenue. Today, Miss Harriman and her guest are entertained by a house party given by Mrs. Arthur Cummings at her country residence in Hingham. The party is given in honor of Miss Rosenbaum.

Highway Commissioner Kimball is putting in good trim the gutter leading up by the post office to Water street and beyond. Mr. Kimball is on the go all the time, and just at present he and his employees are hard at work upon the streets at several points in the town. And then there are pipes to be laid alongside the highway from Academy street down past the library.

We trust our Arlington Protestant clergymen will so arrange their coming summer vacation that there shall at least be one on the home ground the season through. We say "Protestant" clergymen, for Father Mulcahy usually stays by the fold the year through in spite of the weather. Last year it so happened that for a few days of the summer there was not a Protestant minister in town.

A new 60 foot truss ladder was put on Ladder 1 this week. It is a ladder which Chief Gott has desired to have on the truck for over two years, knowing the risk run by not having the same, for had there been a conflagration in any of our three story buildings the department would have been severely criticized had there been a loss of life. It is safe to say the chief sleeps sounder now that his men can put a ladder into the third story or on the roof. The ladder is the best on the market and will receive a severe test next week.

Once more the Arlington High school is victorious. On Saturday afternoon they defeated the Watertown Y. M. C. A. on Lawrence field by a score of 14 to 1. The schoolboys batted safe hits at will, and stolen bases were the order of the day. The score:

Arlington High School.									
Moore, 2	bb	po	a	e					
Dale, 1	2	1	0	0					
Shen, p	2	3	0	0					
Cook, s	3	0	2	0					
Freeman, c	3	1	5	1					
Buckley, 1	3	6	1	0					
Knowlton, 2	2	9	1	0					
Bartlett, m	0	2	0	0					
Lloyd, 3	0	3	0	0					
Berthrong, r	2	1	2	1					
Totals.	1	1	0	0					
	20	27	11	2					

Watertown Y. M. C. A.

Millard, 3	1	2	0	1	0	0	0	0	0
Lewis, 1	1	2	0	1	0	0	0	0	0
Phelps, 1	1	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Francher, m	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Simonds, 2	1	3	1	0	0	0	0	0	0
Gilkey, s	0	1	5	1	0	0	0	0	0
Goddard, r	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Green, c	0	6	4	0	0	0	0	0	0
Galway, p	1	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	0
Totals	5	24	11	3	0	0	0	0	0
Innings	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Arlington	2	3	2	0	0	0	0	7	0—14
Watertown,	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	0—

Earned runs, Arlington 6. Two-base hits, Shean, Galway. Stolen bases, Dale 2, Shean, Cook, Freeman 2, Buckley 3, Knowlton 2, Lloyd 3, Berthrong, Lewis 2, Simonds. Base on balls, off Galway 3. Struck out, by Shean 5, by Galway 4. Double play, Simonds, Phelps. Hit by pitched ball, Buckley, Lewis. Passed balls, Green, Freeman 3. Time 2h. Umpire, Harwood.

WOMAN'S CLUB.

The Arlington Woman's Club held a pleasant closing to its sessions for the present season in Grand Army Hall on Thursday afternoon. The entertainment was arranged by the musical committee, consisting of Miss Brackett, Mrs. Chase and Mrs. Martin. The string quartette, two violins, viola and violin-cello, from Somerville, played two choice selections. Mr. Makechnie rendered two violin solos. Madam Von Betzen sang a Swedish song. Miss Ruth Copley recited two selections—she received a hearty encore. The choral class, under the lead of Miss Brackett, sang two selections. Light refreshments were served by the hospitality committee, Mrs. Porter and Mrs. Lawton, assisted by Mrs. Dr. Bailey, Mrs. Gorham Davis, the Misses Wells, Mrs. Franklin Russell, Miss Mills, Miss Freeman, Miss Laura Davis and Mrs. O'Hara. The ushers were Mrs. S. H. Cutting, Mrs. Schwamb, Mrs. Phinney, Mrs. Proctor, Jr., Miss Nellie Hardy, Mrs. Harry W. Bullard and Mrs. Parris.

The State Federation of Women's clubs will hold its annual meeting in the South church at Weymouth on Friday, June 15, at 9.45 o'clock. The day will be devoted to business. There will be an election of officers, reports of committees, report of the bi-annual meeting of the General Federation, a consideration of the revision of the by-laws of the State Federation, etc. Luncheon tickets at 25c. may be had at the church on the morning of the meeting, but that adequate provision may be made, those desiring luncheon should send their names on or before June 9 to Mrs. F. D. Sawyer, 96 Jason street. The olive Federation ticket necessary for admission may be obtained at the above address. Trains leave the South Terminal station, Boston, at 8.43 and 10.43 a. m. Round trip tickets at 60c. each may be obtained at the station on the morning of the meeting. The president, Miss Stevens, with Mrs. George Pfeiffer and Mrs. G. W. W. Sears, are to go as delegates to represent the Arlington Woman's club.

It is expected that about 5000 members of the various women's clubs will visit Milwaukee from every part of the country, at the biennial, which occurs shortly. A very interesting and attractive program has been prepared, and the list of speakers includes many prominent women.

ARLINGTON BOAT CLUB.

Ladies' night was observed at the club house on Tuesday evening, when about thirty couples of the youth and beauty of Arlington were present. The ladies were tastefully arrayed in becoming fancy costumes, while the gentlemen were in full evening dress, the whole combined effect producing a living picture worthy the brush of a Raphael. To the music of Custer's orchestra, the youthful partners "tripped the light fantastic toe" till "the wee, short 'oors ayont the twal." During the evening Caterer Hardy furnished refreshments consisting of frappe and fancy biscuits.

On Thursday evening the Medford club bowled in the club alleys, the score being as follows:

Medford.				
Teel	79	72	78	229
R. Drake	79	80	75	234
Brown	78	73	80	231
M. Drake	76	76	96	248
Cox	78	70	86	234
Total	390	371	415	1176
A. B. C.				
Homer	86	100	75	261
Wheeler	81	76	82	239
Shirley	87	73	92	252
Bird	71	83	84	238
Durgin	74	108	78	260
Total	399	440	411	1250

The Bendix School of Music.

Piano, Violin
Guitar, Clarinet,

Personal instruction by William Bendix The Bendix Orchestra
Music furnished for dances, etc.
Studio, 2 Park terrace, Arlington

EGBERT E. STACPOLE,
TEACHER OF
BANJO, MANDOLIN AND GUITAR.
Correct Instruments carefully selected
for pupils without extra charge.
40 Mystic Street, - Arlington, Mass.

WANTED,
25 S. H. Bicycles in trade
for the 1900 Orient.

MOSELEY'S CYCLE AGENCY,
FOWLE BLOCK, ARLINGTON.

MRS. DALE,
House and Kitchen Furnishings,
HAS OPENED WITH A FULL LINE OF
Crockery, Glass, China and Tin Ware, Garden Implements, Water-
ing Pots, etc. etc., at
610 MASSACHUSETTS AVENUE,
TELEPHONE, 65-4 ARLINGTON.

BEDDING PLANTS, CUT FLOWERS
AND FUNERAL DESIGNS
AT
W. W. Rawson's,
Cor. Medford and Warren Sts., Arlington.
mar17

A SAD DEATH.

In last week's issue we spoke of the critical illness of Mrs. J. Fred McLeod of 20 Swan place, and feared then that there was but slight hope for her recovery. This week we regret to announce her death, which occurred on Thursday morning at 9.45. Dr. Dennett was in hopes almost up to the last that his patient would recover, but, alas, the constitution was too weak to withstand the strong double pneumonia attack, and she passed suddenly yet peacefully away to that land, where "there shall be no more death."

Mrs. McLeod was taken sick over three weeks ago with malaria, which terminated in pneumonia. She was a woman who was well liked, and took an active part in everything that would advance the interests of the Universalist church and society, of which she was a member, and her presence and ready and willing helpfulness will be missed. Mrs. Minnie R. (Wetherbee) McLeod was born in Reading, Vt., but some 14 years ago she came to Arlington with her parents. On Feb. 23, 1892, she was married to Mr. J. Fred McLeod. The deceased was a loving and devoted wife and mother. A husband, one son, a mother and three brothers survive her. The funeral will be held from her late home tomorrow afternoon at 3 o'clock, for relatives and friends. The burial will be private.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

Middlesex ss. Probate Court.
To the heirs-at-law, next of kin, creditors and all other persons interested in the estate of Nancy Frost, late of Dover, in the State of New Hampshire, deceased, intestate, leaving estate in said County of Middlesex.
Whereas, a petition has been presented to said Court to grant a letter of administration on the estate of said deceased to Fred H. Russell of Arlington, in the County of Middlesex, without giving a surety on his bond.
And the petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week for three successive weeks, in the Arlington Enterprise, a newspaper published in Arlington, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court.
Witness, Charles J. McIntire, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this eighteenth day of May, in the year one thousand nine hundred.
S. H. FOLSOM, Register.
may190w

CHAS. GOTT
Carriage Builder,
450 Mass. Ave.,
ARLINGTON, MASS
Jobbing in all branches.
Fine Painting a Specialty.

STOP
your hair from falling out by using
Whittemore's
Quinine Hair Tonic,
Fully warranted.

BAD ACCIDENT.

Word was telephoned to police headquarters on Thursday from Mr. Alexander Livingston's residence, Cliff street, Arlington Heights, that a serious accident had befallen two men who were painting his house. Officer Cody summoned Mr. Charles Hartwell, and they drove at a break-neck speed to the scene.

One of the men, Horace H. Tucker of 14 Bay street, Cambridge, was found to have his ribs broken, besides having sustained severe internal injuries, and he was removed to the Mass. General hospital in Boston, while the other, Peter B. Perrault of Belmont, was taken to the office of Dr. Hooker, where it was found that his right fore-arm was broken. The doctor set the same, and Mr. Perrault, in company with his father, went home.

In some way the staging gave way, and both men fell to the ground, a distance of about 30 feet. It is a wonder they were not killed outright.

CRÊPE PAPER,
In Fancy and Solid
Colors, at
Fred Reid's News Depot,
POST OFFICE BLOCK.
dec23ty

J. H. HARTWELL
& SON.,

Undertakers
and Embalmers.

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Dr. G. W. Yale,
DENTIST,
At parlors, 14-16 Post-office Bldg.,
ARLINGTON,
Open daily, also Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday evenings.

J. C. WAAGE,
House, Sign,
and
Decorative
Painting.
JOBBER PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO
28 Moore Place, Arlington
TELEPHONE, 149-2 ARLINGTON.

ARLINGTON ENTERPRISE
Published every Saturday morning at No. 620
Massachusetts avenue.
\$1.00 a year, in advance; Single copies, 2 cents

F. H. GRAY, PUBLISHER.
WILSON PALMER, EDITOR.

ADVERTISING RATES.
1 wk. 2 wks. 1 mo. 3 mos. 6 mos. 1 yr.
line, 75c. \$1.00 \$1.50 \$2.50 \$4.00 \$6.00
Additional inches at same ratio
Advertisements placed in the local column
10 cents per line.

Help and situation wants, for sale, to let,
etc., 12-15 cents per line; nothing taken less
than two lines.

WE WONDER!

We wonder if the clergy here in Arlington are ever put to it for a text for their Sunday morning sermon, as we are frequently for a heading for our leading editorial? That good man, the minister, however, has the advantage of us poor scribes, for when they are in doubt as to their subject matter they can pray over it, in answer to which prayer all is supposed to be made clear and plain. But who has ever heard of that editor of a secular newspaper entering his closet and shutting the door, asking for divine guidance in the selection of a headline for an editorial? We do not mean by this that the newspaper world does not more or less frequently get upon its knees entreating "God be merciful to us poor, miserable sinners." Our thought is this: That for some mysterious reason it is practically supposed that the average secular journal plays a "lone hand" in its treatment of the varied subjects which come under the quill. We do not for a moment insist that this manner of doing things is right. On the contrary we believe it to be unwise, indeed wrong. All legitimate work should be brought to the test of the Infinite.

But, to get back to the ugly fact that we find ourselves frequently on a Monday morning utterly at a loss to determine what we shall say first in "this week's Enterprise;" for the thought what will best please and catch the ear of Arlington people is always uppermost. We are sure from the start that it is of little use to write at length upon political matters, for the metropolitan daily papers give full information of the political outlook some days before the publication of the weekly country journal. Indeed the whole world of current events is substantially shut out from us who "swing the pen" in the suburbs. So we are a good deal fenced in by our locality. The minister can at his own sweet will preach upon everything hinted at in the various creeds, from foreordination down to a free and universal salvation, and no one dare say that he is not in the line of both his privilege and duty. But we poor scribblers must keep within our narrow limits, or else some one will declare that he read our expressed thought in the city daily a week before our issue.

To edit a country newspaper, and to edit it acceptably to the community wherein it is published, one needs to be possessed of the inspiration of that genius which never fails. To succeed, the country editor must always have his wits about him. He must never be caught napping. If he ever does sleep at his post the procession will likely pass by him all unnoticed. No wonder that your country editor often finds himself in "a fret and a stew" as Monday morning overtakes him. The week's work is before him, and he must somehow do it. From this there is no escape; and right at this critical point comes the anxious query, "of what shall I write?"

The most of us country scribblers need to go through a revival of letters, and in Methodist fashion rise for prayers, and then make our way to "the anxious seat." To give out every day of the week we must be fed on each day of the week. Disagreeable as the fact may be, nevertheless it is true that one is at a loss to know what to say, only as he has nothing to say. So that the thought of this editorial comes home as a criticism upon ourselves. Our cry on every Monday morning is the Macedonian cry, "Come over and help us."

HE DID IT.

Who did it? The carpenter whom we watched for a half hour the other day with a good deal of interest as he was driving six-inch nails into the hard pine floor of the house he was erecting in a neighboring town. We noticed that he hit the nail on the head in every instance, and that he drove the nail home with just five well-directed blows of the hammer. And so we asked ourselves, how all this accuracy of aim and effort? The reply came that the carpenter in question was able to hit the nail on the head by reason of much patient practice, and that his well-directed blows were the outcome of years of intelligent labor. We thought as we left the builder hammering away where every blow counted that every man and woman would be able to hit the nail on the head in whatever department of life, were they only to give careful heed in all their preparatory work. The most of us shoot wide of the mark. In driving the nail, the hammer is likely to go either to one side or the other, or what is still more unfortunate we are very likely to come off with a crushed or disjointed thumb in our vain attempt to hit the nail on the head.

The cause of our repeated failures, both in business and professional life, is that the American people are so impatient to reach immediate results that

they are not willing to take the time necessary for the work to be performed. And so it is that we frequently go about things but imperfectly prepared. We see this truth illustrated all about us. That minister who goes into the pulpit knowing little or nothing other than his text will put the average audience to sleep before he reaches his "fourthly" and his "fifthly." That lawyer who can hardly get beyond the expression "May it please your honor," will fail to successfully reach the jury. That physician who classifies all ailments under the head of heart-failure and malaria will not be likely to heal the multitude. That school teacher who believes in the cramming process will add nothing to positive educational results. If we are to hit the nail on the head we must first learn how to do it. Much of our work is shoddy because we are lacking both in plan and execution. Through ill-directed effort we spoil more nails than we drive, and then wonder what is the matter. The difficulty is with ourselves. The pulpit is all right, the trouble is with the minister. There is nothing the matter with the legal profession aside from the lawyer, while all in the medical world is as it should be, leaving the physician out of the count. And just so it is with our institutions of learning—they would admirably fill the bill were it not for those who have control of the educational world. In a word, we are not hitting the nail on the head because the eye has not been taught in its vision to follow a straight line, and the muscle has not been taught the mathematical relationship that always exists between the blow to be given and the result to be effected. The best thing for the most of us to do is to make the broad, full confession that up to date we have not learned it all. Before we further assume, let us learn to hit the nail on the head, then we may hammer away to our heart's content.

THE CAR-WINDOW FIEND.

It is at this season of the year that the car-window fiend is found on every electric and in every steam car. We hate to say it, and yet this fiend in nine cases out of ten is a woman. She usually reaches the car in such haste that her temperature is way above normal when she gets her seat, so, simultaneously, out comes her fan and up goes the window. It doesn't matter how many passengers aboard she may inconvenience thereby, she is bound that the window next her shall go up, and what is more that it shall stay up.

It was only the other day, when the wind was east, that we made Waltham by the electric and were nearly half-frozen all the way along because three young ladies (?) seated just opposite us insisted on the open window. An elderly woman seated near us was made so uncomfortable by the chill air that we had it in mind to suggest to the young ladies (?) that they did not own the road, and yet, we confess it with shame, we didn't have the pluck to say so. It seems to us that the conductors upon our railway trains should have full charge of the windows, and that no woman during the fickle weather of the springtime should raise a car window without permission of the conductor. We say "woman," for we are very sure that no lady would be so forgetful of the rights and comfort of others.

MOVE SLOWLY.

As the hot weather comes down upon us in real earnest we shall prove ourselves wise if we move slowly. "Hurry up" ought not to find expression when the glass is among the nineties. We have a liking for that man or woman who takes the shady side of the walk when the sun fairly scorches, and who moves in a snail-like way. Many a man makes a fool of himself by being constantly on the go, irrespective of the weather. Moderation in all things is sensible advice when the sun is pouring down its torrid rays. Don't be in a hurry. "The world was not made in a day," nor even in six days. We are writing this philosophical paragraph on Tuesday, when our office is at the boiling point. If the wind should happen to be east on Saturday when this paper is issued, then we shall take what we have herein said, all back.

DON'T FAIL TO READ IT.

Don't fail to read in this issue the excellent and timely article on "Shifts in educational methods," by the Rev. Charles H. Watson, D. D., which we reproduce from The Watchman. We publish this article without so much as asking permission of Dr. Watson, although he is a near neighbor of ours. What he says is so well put, and is of such vital importance to our public schools, that we hasten to publish his communication, not in part, but as a whole. We trust that our school board and every teacher in the Arlington schools and every father and mother in the town will read Dr. Watson's logical treatment of the education of the children.

THOSE BAND CONCERTS.

Those band concerts which all our Arlington people enjoyed so much last summer we trust will be repeated the coming season. It must be remembered that all of us are not able to get away for the summer, so it is only the fair thing that some provision should be made for the stay-at-homes by the way

of pleasure and pastime. We know, as everyone else does, that the evening out-of-door concerts last year were appreciated by all who listened to them, and all felt themselves indebted to those who so successfully managed them. Let us have them over again this summer.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

We spent a pleasant hour in the Russell school on Tuesday.

Boston has raised up to date \$82,000 for the famine fund for India.

Congress is to adjourn on or about Monday, June 11, one week before the Philadelphia convention.

The Massachusetts House of Representatives on Monday recorded itself, by a vote of 98 to 16, in favor of the independence of the South African republics.

"Eight years in the Greenfield jail" was the sentence imposed by the court on Monday on Charles H. Cole, late president of the defunct Globe National bank.

At the annual meeting of the Teachers' Geography club held on Monday evening in Boston it was unanimously resolved, we understand, that "the earth is round, and, like a ball, seems swinging in the air."

Amariah V. Haynes of Woburn may well be termed a consistent Free Mason. He became a member of Mt. Horeb lodge in that city, in May, 1866, and since that time has not missed a regular or special meeting.

The Rev. Dr. Hillis, pastor of Plymouth church, Brooklyn, said to his people on Sunday morning that unless married before the age of forty the state must necessarily go to the devil. So, girls and boys, hurry up, and thus save the state.

The curfew rang in Cambridge on Monday evening at 9.30 o'clock for the first time. The streets were soon after deserted by all the children, and the police had no occasion to bring in any offenders. Why would not the curfew work well here in Arlington? Or are we all in bed and "tucked in" by 9.30 o'clock?

The fiftieth anniversary which has been celebrated this present week by the city of Lynn in its municipal life, marks an epoch in the history of that enterprising municipality. Mayor Shepherd gave the address of welcome, and Benjamin W. Johnson the oration. The decorations throughout the city were elaborate. Band concerts, bonfires and athletic sports were enjoyed by the assembled thousands, while there were entertainments in the various halls for the children. It was an enthusiastic time all round. "Long live Lynn."

DIED

MCLEOD.—In Arlington, May 17, Minnie R. Wetherbee, wife of J. Fred McLeod, aged 35 years.

RILEY.—In Arlington, May 16, Thomas, infant son of Patrick and Catherine H. Riley.

HILL.—In Arlington, May 12, Thomas H. Hill, aged 20 years.

WANTED.

A girl, or middle-aged woman, for light house work in a small family. Address D, this office.

FARM WANTED.

In Waltham, Lexington or vicinity suitable for sheep raising; high rough ground, with some woodland, preferred. Will buy, lease or contract with right party for the use of part of farm and care of stock; price must be low; give full particulars. P. O. box 2971, Boston. apr24

FOR SALE.

Fish Wagon, Ice Chest, in excellent condition; also an Open Concord Buggy, in good condition. Address B., this office.

FOR SALE.

Plane-box Top Buggy, in good running order. Apply at 688 Mass. avenue. May1917

TO LET.

Nice, pleasant Rooms to let, centrally located. Apply, 33 Lewis avenue.

NOTICE.

Tree Warden's Office,
Town Hall Building.

The citizens of the town of Arlington will confer a favor on the Tree Warden by notifying him of any injury being done to trees by electric wires or otherwise.

R. W. LEBARON,
Tree Warden.

JOHN J. LEARY,
Rubber-tired
Hacks for all
Occasions

**I have a First-class Hack,
Livery and Boarding
Stable.**

Stable, 428 High Street, West Medford.
Residence, 117 Medford St., Arlington.
Telephone, 37-2 Arlington.

SHIFTS IN EDUCATIONAL METHODS.
BY CHARLES H. WATSON, D. D.

"The world owes much to its saints, and it is occasionally indebted to its sinners." This saying is quite as true in the educational field as in any other. In the slow and costly process of evolving our educational ideal, modern experts have cut such a prominent figure that we have quite lost sight of such picturesque offenders against the proprieties as Rabalais, Lord Bacon and Rousseau. Yet even the modern specialists are finding that the somewhat questionable trio of geniuses just mentioned have contributed more towards the sanity of modern education than we are yet prepared to adopt. They implored us not to "abandon our children to the rage and gloom of frantic pedagogues," but to help the little people to unfold according to the laws of their own nature, insisting that education is not gorging unrelated facts, but is a process that fits men "to know themselves and to depend upon themselves." Each of them demanded, with his peculiar temperament and phraseology, that instead of training our youth to be graceful imitators of the decadent poets of past ages they should learn about the earth they are to possess and the men and women among whom they are to live and die. Their protest was against scholasticism—their plea for nature and science.

The recent series of lectures upon educational topics, given by the Twentieth Century club, indicated a progressive movement within our universities, and one which is extending to our primary and secondary schools, which looks like a somewhat belated heeding of the suggestions of these wise and wicked forbears. This tendency is toward science and scientific methods of teaching. Every child has a heart for nature, and responds eagerly to things interesting in the world about him. He has leisure and delight for the open air; has keen senses and the investigating habit; absorbs with joyous ease knowledge that fascinates. Why then, says the new education, should he not be taught the elements of the natural sciences, instead of being crammed with rules and formulas? Attention is being called to the number of years children are being subjected to the foul air and moral contaminations of the public school, and the claim is made that the jumbled mass of imperfect grammar, geography, spelling and arithmetic acquired is disproportionate to the expenditure. Our best pedagogues are getting brilliant results in mathematics by giving elementary algebra and geometry in the lower grades instead of dragging children through the involved computations of the higher arithmetic, with trailing clouds of figures after each problem. They find that young minds deal more easily with principles and symbols than with the treadmill labors of an accountant.

It is also demonstrated that children get quicker insight into grammatical construction by studying a foreign language than by spending the same time toiling over the stereotyped grammar of the upper grades. Hitherto Latin has preceded French, but German public schools have proved that French should be taught before Latin. By these changes time is gained for those subjects that capture the imagination and enthrall the heart.

The Harvard School of Pedagogy advocates the thorough, systematic teaching of the rudiments of science through all grades leading up to the high school, on the ground that children learn without injury or friction things adapted to their comprehension. There can be no doubt that mind and health have suffered serious hurt from the forcing processes of our schools and from the strained excitements of our examinations. We ought to welcome any new effort to adapt our methods to nature instead of clinging to old atrocities that thwart her processes. During the first seven years of the life nature is perfecting the mechanism of the nervous system. At the age of seven the brain has attained nine-tenths of its adult weight. Think of the immense draft which is made upon the vitality of the child to accumulate that amount of nervous tissue, then say whether you are ready to force that tender brain! Scientists insist that children should only be taught that which interests them. They are interested in field and flower, trees and birds, rocks and creeping things. Nature is their natural heritage. May they not quietly, and by exact methods, be led into fellowship with many of her secrets? Why should we not take children to the parks and groves and show them the wonders of the springtime resurrection? It should be a part of our educational system. Our severe winters and weeks of April chill and wind forbid the gradual unfolding of bud and leaf which makes the charm of spring in softer climates. We have instead a few magical days when earth palpitates with suppressed excitement, and then bursts forth in glorious transformation. Now, to devout lovers of beauty, these brief, quickening days are the holy festival of the year. Birds sing in a carnival of joy, and it is the best time to study their migrations, for the tender foliage does not hide them.

Japan makes a national holiday of her blossoming-time, and the children, through the whole year, eagerly await its coming. Let our children be taken in classes to the woods by competent teachers, and be trained to observe, accurately, the marvels of the seasons as

(Continued on page 4.)

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ARLINGTON NEWS.

Hereafter, all preliminary notices of church fairs, socials, etc., to which an admission fee is asked, will only be inserted in these columns at the rate of 10 cents per line, unless an advertisement of such appears in our advertising columns.

Now the digging has commenced at Brattle station.

The assessors thus far have taken in about half of the town of Arlington.

The excavation of the cellar for the new Cutter school was commenced this week.

The Misses Niles are now occupying their summer home alongside of Mystic lake.

Mr. Charles T. Bunker is to again clerk it for the Sea Cliff house, Nantucket.

The Arlington gardeners and farmers have been putting in their best work this week.

Mr. and Mrs. William G. Rice are to visit Nova Scotia somewhere about the first of June.

The Misses Winn have just returned from an outing in Washington and Richmond.

Fresh strawberries and vegetables can be had on every day of the week at Holt's market.

Last evening Post 36 of the G. A. R. and W. R. C. 43 visited the Soldiers' home at Chelsea.

The fragrant lilac, the poor man's bloom, is here again with all the fragrance of the country.

Academy street is just now looking its best. Indeed it is one of the most attractive streets in Arlington.

A new concrete walk is being laid on the left-hand side of Lake street. It will be a decided improvement.

That puzzle we did, after we were told how to do it, and we make bold in declaring no one could have done better.

The completed arrangements for Memorial day will be made known at the meeting of Post 36 next Thursday evening.

Mr. Joseph W. Ronco attended the funeral of the wife of his brother, Frank, who lives in Raymond, N. H. The interment was at Carlisle.

We know of no man who takes a greater pride in keeping his private grounds in trim shape than does Mr. Marshall N. Rice, Pelham place.

A fishing excursion to the Rangeley lakes is in contemplation by Messrs. Walter O'Hara, Charles W. and Theodore F. Allen and others, of Arlington.

The Christian Endeavor society meeting of the Congregational church tomorrow evening will be under the leadership of the missionary committee.

The census-takers for Arlington are the following: Mrs. S. A. Fowle, Jr., and Chas. G. Barry of Arlington; Chas. Tufts and Fred White of Arlington Heights.

"Arlington sea food market" is the reading on the back of the seat of that new wagon in which Mr. G. W. Russell may be seen every morning making his business rounds.

We notice on the tablet to the monument erected in Mt. Pleasant cemetery to Arlington's dead of the 19th of April, 1775, Menotomy is spelled Mo-notomy. Which is right?

Dr. Walter S. Alexander, formerly pastor of the North avenue Congregational church, died on Tuesday, and was buried from his late residence at four p. m. on Thursday.

Mr. Miner L. H. Leavitt has been for the greater portion of this present week busy with his duties as a member of the examining committee at the Massachusetts college of pharmacy.

Mr. and Mrs. Reuben Hopkins, who reside in their elegant Boston home during the winter season, are to take possession of their summer home on Pleasant street about the first of June.

Arlington should lose no time in organizing for the purpose of extending help to starving India. It is heartrending to read of the suffering and death in that famine-stricken country.

Where was there to be seen a more perfect day than that of Wednesday in Arlington? The fields in deepest green, with the trees in bloom, under the clearest skies! The picture was perfect.

Mr. Charles Gott, the well-known carriage builder, 450 Mass. avenue, is full of orders for the summer trade. Mr. Gott knows all about his business, and is prompt with his many orders.

Mr. Henry Hornblower no longer rents a pleasant Plymouth summer house. He has purchased one, so that hereafter he and his family will sit under their own vine and fig tree by the sea.

The quick way in which A. Foster Brooks handles the teamsters at the filling in off of Chestnut street is a caution to a looker-on. Next week he will commence to fill in in the rear of the cemetery.

The Christian Endeavor society of the Baptist church will, at its meeting tomorrow evening at 6.30, discuss "The power of a temperate life," Dan. i. 1-17. This is also the quarterly temperance meeting.

It is hoped by all with whom we have conversed that the Arlington Improvement association will make early arrangements for the band concerts, and so arrange that they shall take place on the same grounds as last year.

There will be a double quartette at the Baptist church on Sunday, May 27, to aid in giving welcome to the Grand Army boys. Further notice will be given of the entire program of exercises at the Baptist church for that day.

In our next issue we shall give a full account of the educational conference which we attended on Thursday evening in Seaver Hall, Harvard University. The speaker of the evening was Col. Francis W. Parker, president of the Chicago Institute.

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert F. Winn spent Sunday with their family friends in Arlington. Mr. and Mrs. Winn are de-

lightly situated in their home in Worcester, and Mr. Winn is greatly pleased with his present business and its future in that city.

Mr. Bendix heads the list of Arlington's instructors on the piano, violin, guitar and clarinet. Mr. Bendix has himself received the instruction in his profession of the best teachers at home and abroad. He is familiar with every department of music in a scientific way.

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On Wednesday afternoon, at 3.45, the gray train met with an accident in front of the gate house at the centre crossing. The right forward wheel of the second car broke in two and threw the opposite wheel off the track. The train was going at a slow speed, and thus little or no damage was done other than a short delay and cutting of the tires.

We were on the electric on Tuesday evening during that shower, making our way to Winchester. How the rain did come down, and how the vivid lightning played zig-zag upon the track and all about us. Fortunately no one got hit. We noticed, however, that most of the passengers on board kept up a vigorous dodging. Indeed, we did no little dodging ourselves.

At the regular monthly meeting of Hose 3 last Tuesday evening a letter of thanks was read by Clerk Peirce from Mr. J. O. Holt for the able and efficient part they took in subduing the fire at his store. Letters of this nature are pleasantly received and prized by the firemen, who always do everything in their power to check the flames at the risk of life often times.

The late Sheriff O'Brien of Boston, whose funeral occurred on the 9th inst., was an uncle of Mrs. J. J. Mahoney of Mystic street. During his sickness Mrs. Mahoney's mother was constantly at the bedside of her beloved brother. Mr. and Mrs. Mahoney attended the funeral, which was indeed a sad one. The family of the deceased sheriff frequently visited Mr. and Mrs. Mahoney.

Mr. C. W. Whitney, Sr., and his sister, Mrs. G. F. Kimball, of Troy, N. H., spent last Sunday and part of the week with his son, Mr. C. W. Whitney, Jr., of Broadway. For one of his years, Mr. Whitney is a sprightly, wide-awake business man, and he thoroughly enjoyed his visit here. When he left his home the latter part of last week, ice had formed an inch thick, with no green on the trees.

Mr. Ellis G. Wood is for the coming season director of the Arlington Boat club and base ball team. This team is one of the strongest and best made-up in the state. It is bound to achieve a brilliant record during the present summer, and it will be the purpose of the Enterprise to keep itself well informed of its games. Its first game of the season will be played with Harvard second team on May 30 on the Arlington home grounds.

We have no apology to make that such frequent mention is made in this issue of the proposed band concerts for the coming summer. These concerts are very much desired by Arlington. For instance, one Arlington man who only gave five dollars for the concerts last season will give twenty dollars this season, and will give thirty-five dollars if the number given shall be increased to sixteen. Arlington wants the concerts. Let us have them sure.

No, no; we had not the remotest thought of an unfavorable criticism on Caterer Hardy's bakery when we wrote in last week's issue of the unfortunate habit of some of the High school pupils hurriedly eating their forenoon lunch upon the streets. Mr. Hardy's bakery is an institution here in Arlington. Everybody knows of it and patronizes it. The editor of the Enterprise often lunches at this widely-known bakery, and invariably enjoys the feast. Mr. Hardy and his bakery are O. K.

It would be difficult to find a more agreeable set of young men in Arlington or elsewhere than are our letter carriers. They always meet you courteously, and if they have no letter to hand you they do not forget to give you their best wishes. Of their number, two, as we said last week, are distinguishing themselves in hatching and raising chickens, and so familiar are they with their business that they can safely count their chickens before they are hatched. Mr. Cleary is priding himself a good deal on those game cocks that he is growing and training. Among them he has one known as Jeffries and another as Corbett.

At this season of the year, when house-cleaning is the principal business in the majority of our homes, it is altogether fitting that we speak of the carpet nuisance. It is a well-authenticated fact that no floor of the home should be covered by a carpet. Carpets do but little else than conceal and hold the dust, and they are the home as well of a variety of bacteria. A good hard floor, with perhaps a rug here and there, is the best arrangement of all. If the floor is to be covered let it be with straw matting. At anyrate do away with the carpet. It breeds disease.

A very happy event occurred at the home of Mrs. Alice M. Scanlan, 259

Mass. avenue, on the evening of May 12, the occasion being the 50th anniversary of her wedding. She was assisted in receiving her guests by her daughters, Mrs. M. H. Savage of Somerville and Miss M. F. Scanlan of Arlington. She was remembered by her friends and daughters and also by her four grandchildren by many gifts, including a purse of \$60 in gold. A very pleasant evening was enjoyed by all.

W. W. Robertson, the furniture dealer at 468 Massachusetts avenue, is doing a larger business than ever before. He keeps constantly on hand a full line of household furniture of the best and most modern make, which he sells at bottom prices. Do not fail to examine Mr. Robertson's goods and get prices before purchasing elsewhere. Mr. Robertson is a man uniformly agreeable to meet, and he will in no instance fail to fill your order promptly and to the letter. Remember the number—468 Massachusetts avenue.

We spent a pleasant hour on Wednesday evening with Mr. Hale at his pleasant home in Cambridge. Mr. Hale was formerly superintendent of the public schools of Cambridge. He graduated at Dartmouth college in 1865 among the first of his class. At his graduation he had the salutatory. We had an interesting conversation with Mr. Hale concerning our present educational system. He believes there is much that is excellent both in the old and new methods of instruction. He regards President Eliot as the leading educator in the school world, and he holds Col. Parker in high estimate. Our little visit with Mr. Hale was both enjoyable and instructive.

We hereby call the attention of those of our townsmen who frequent Robbins library to the Atlantic Monthly of 1860. In the August number of that magazine of that year is found the poem entitled "Anno Domini, 1860," written by a friend of ours, who was a shoemaker. A man who did not belong to the literary, cultured set, yet the poem, which by the way is entirely descriptive of the writer's life, is in our estimation a gem. The friend in question told us months before the publication that he was writing the poem to which we refer, hoping that it might be found worthy of publication in the Atlantic Monthly. Please read the poem, and then tell us what you think of it.

The Arlington board of trade is to hold an interesting and important meeting on Tuesday evening of next week, to which all the business men of the town will be invited, irrespective of membership. Mr. George Y. Wellington is to be the speaker of the evening. Mr. Wellington will tell how business was done in Arlington 50 years ago. Mr. Muller, president of the Arlington Improvement association, will be present by invitation. The Arlington board of trade is in excellent temper and condition, and the members are doing much in the interest and aid of each other. And beside, this business association will be effective in pushing on every material interest which concerns the town.

The Arlington Whist and Cycle club had its first run of the season on Sunday. The following members made Hudson: Captain Greenleaf, Lieutenants F. Russell and William Teel, Color-bearer F. S. Breen, J. Kirby, Albert Powers, Charles Wyman, Joseph Ronco, and Benjamin Hunt. The boys were in good trim and made an excellent showing on their wheels. The run was a pleasure trip, so there was no attempt made in the time line. The members jogged gracefully along at their leisure, taking in all there was to be seen along the way. There was not a bud or flower that escaped their notice, neither was there a note of the numerous songsters of the air that passed unheeded. The club "did" Hudson from beginning to end. A sumptuous dinner was had at the Mansion house.

There was a lively time in the cemetery on Thursday forenoon when the cry of "fox" was sounded. Superintendent Chapman gave chase and followed the animal to the line of Allen's farm, where the "fox" was at bay. It showed fight, and bit Mr. Chapman's left knee. The superintendent struck out and hit the animal, which partly stunned it, and again it jumped for his arm, burying its teeth in his cardigan jacket. Mr. Chapman was, however, equal to the occasion, grabbed the animal by the throat, put a rope around its neck, and brought it to the cemetery house, where a large crowd had gathered. The "fox," which turned out to be a California silver-gray she-wolf, is owned by a Mr. Kimball of West Medford, and is valued at \$150. Yesterday morning he came and took the animal home.

At the Baptist church on Sunday forenoon, Rev. John L. Dearing, head of the Baptist Theological school at Yokohama, Japan, delivered an address on "Christianity in Japan." Mr. Dearing was introduced to quite a large congregation by the pastor of the church, Rev. Dr. Watson. Mr. Dearing took for the keynote of his remarks the 19th and 20th verses of the 28th chapter of Matthew, and after a few preliminary remarks proceeded to speak of the great work which America had accomplished in enlightening the Japanese and awakening within them the desire of emulation. He then spoke of the need of greater activity on the part of Christian workers, and also of the particularly rich results from the work which had


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Brattle—5.32, 6.08, 6.38, 7.06, 8.06, 8.56, 10.09, 11.21, A. M., 12.20, 1.03, 2.20, 3.50, 4.25, 4.48, 5.21, 6.16, 8.20, 9.20, 10.20, P. M. Sunday, 9.27, A. M., 1.00, 2.25, 3.14, 4.38, 6.18, 8.28, P. M.
Arlington—5.35, 6.12, 6.42, 7.09, 7.12, 7.39, 7.42, 8.01, 8.09, 8.17, 8.40, 9.00, 10.12, 11.24, A. M., 12.23, 1.06, 2.23, 3.50, 4.28, 4.51, 5.24, 5.46, 6.24, 6.53, 6.56, 7.15, 8.23, 9.23, 10.23, P. M. Sunday, 9.30, A. M., 1.03, 2.28, 3.17, 4.40, 6.21, 8.31, P. M.
Lake Street—5.38, 6.15, 6.45, 7.15, 7.45, 8.02, 8.29, 9.03, 10.15, 11.26, A. M., 12.25, 1.08, 2.25, 4.01, 4.36, 4.50, 5.26, 5.49, 6.23, 6.59, 7.18, 8.25, 9.25, 10.25, P. M. Sunday, 9.33, A. M., 1.05, 2.31, 4.20, 4.45, 5.24, 5.34, P. M.
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Brattle—6.25, 7.17, 8.17, 9.17, 11.17, A. M., 12.17, 1.47, 2.47, 3.47, 4.17, 4.47, 5.17, 5.47, 6.17, 7.10, 7.50, 9.15, 10.20, 11.30, P. M. Sunday, 9.15, A. M., 12.50, 2.00, 4.30, 6.00, 7.15, 9.45, P. M.
Arlington—6.25, 6.42, 7.01, 7.17, 7.31, 7.46, 8.17, 9.17, 10.17, 11.17, A. M., 12.17, 1.47, 2.47, 3.47, 4.17, 4.47, 5.17, 5.47, 6.17, 7.10, 7.50, 9.15, 10.20, 11.30, P. M. Sunday, 9.15, A. M., 12.50, 2.00, 4.30, 6.00, 7.15, 9.45, P. M.
Lake Street—6.25, 8.17, 9.17, 10.17, 11.17, A. M., 12.17, 1.47, 2.47, 3.47, 4.17, 4.47, 5.17, 5.47, 6.17, 7.10, 7.50, 9.15, 10.20, 11.30, P. M. Sunday, 9.15, A. M., 12.50, 2.00, 4.30, 6.00, 7.15, 9.45, P. M.
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ADVERTISE.

ARLINGTON HEIGHTS.

It was ladies' night on Tuesday evening at the Crescent Hill Club.

Sewers are being put in on Westmoreland avenue and Montague street.

The M. M. Club met on Monday evening at the home of Mabel Snow.

The Misses Vickery have as a guest their friend, Miss Currier of Boston.

On Friday evening the A. O. U. W. Lodge, No. 77, met in G. A. R. Hall.

The express office has now telephone communication with the outside world.

The Misses Dacey's house on the Warren A. Peirce estate is nearly ready for occupancy.

Mr. Daniel Drew of Westminster avenue is ill with a severe cold. Pneumonia is feared.

Mr. Alfred Moore, real estate agent, 1317 Mass. avenue, started for Seattle, Washington, on Wednesday.

The Park Avenue Congregational Church cordially welcomes all strangers to its worship of a Sunday.

Remember the meeting to be held on Monday evening in the rooms of the Crescent Hill Club to arrange for the coming Fourth.

The Highland Whist club held its last meeting for the present season on Wednesday evening at the residence of Mrs. B. C. Haskell.

Tomorrow morning and evening Mr. Blaislee of Newton Theological Institute will speak at the Baptist chapel. A large attendance is requested.

The management of the Boston & Maine railroad is doing an excellent work in making safe the several highway crossings in this locality.

Our several clubs are about to begin their meetings for this present season. The Sunshine Club keeps on with its good work the season through.

The Jernegan house on Park avenue is now for rent or sale. The Rev. Mr. Howard and family, who have occupied it for the past winter, have gone to the Empire State.

The services at the Baptist chapel, Westminster and Park avenues, tomorrow will be: Preaching at 10.45 a. m., Sunday school at 12 m. and evening service at 7. A. W. Lorimer, pastor.

The Woman's Benevolent Society met with Mrs. Dickey on Wednesday afternoon, and report a good attendance. Next Wednesday afternoon at 2 the society will meet with Mrs. Wyle, Peirce street.

A sale and entertainment will be held in the Branch Library room, Union hall, under the auspices of the Woman's Benevolent society, May 28, afternoon and evening, for the benefit of the Baptist church.

The Rev. Mr. Taylor and family are to occupy the house on Claremont avenue recently vacated by the Rev. Mr. Stenbridge. Mr. Taylor will take possession of his new home within the next two weeks.

The regular meeting of the ladies' aid society of the Park Avenue Congregational Church will take place next Thursday afternoon in the church parlor. On this occasion arrangements will be made for the regular monthly supper to take place the last of the month or the first of June.

Mr. D. W. Callaghan greatly accommodates the public by his neatly kept restaurant. Everything in and about his place of business is kept in trim shape. We are glad for the thousands of visitors to the Heights on Sundays that Mr. Callaghan is to keep his restaurant open every day in the week.

It is estimated that 8000 men, women and children from the cities and surrounding towns made the Heights on Sunday, while more than 20,000 passengers were carried over the whole line of road. The crowd for the most part was very orderly. Some of the apple trees were robbed of their bloom and some of shrubbery was disturbed. Sunday visitors to the Heights should in every instance regard the law of possession.

Park avenue Congregational church never was in a more promising condition than now. The Rev. Mr. Taylor is very much enjoyed both in the pulpit and out of it. His preaching is invariably helpful, while his personal association with his parishioners outside of the pulpit is as a man among men. The Sunday school and the Christian Endeavor society are both doing a good work. As soon as Mr. Taylor gets settled in his new home, the Enterprise will keep itself in touch with the Park avenue church.

C. H. Stone & Son have leased the Duncan block, corner of Mass. and Park avenues, for a term of years. This will necessitate the removal of the post office, the meat market and Mr. Bradley's hardware store to other quarters. C. H. Stone & Son evidently mean business. Within the few months they have been here they have largely added to their trade. They give their entire attention to their business, and lose no time in leaning over the counter and gossiping with the man who has time to kill. Both Mr. Stone and his son are valuable additions to this locality.

On Thursday morning Horace H. Tucker, 14 Bay street, Cambridge, 50 years old, and Peter P. Perault, 30 years old, while employed in painting Alexander Livingston's house on Cliff street, the staging giving way, fell to the ground, a distance of 25 feet. The unfortunate men were immediately brought to the Arlington police station, when Dr. Hooker was summoned. It was found that Perault had sustained a fracture of the right forearm. Dr. Hooker put the broken bone in place, and then sent Perault to his home in Belmont. Tucker was sent to the Mass. General hospital.

There will be an open meeting on Monday, May 21, at 8 o'clock, at the rooms of the Crescent Hill Club, to discuss the most fitting manner of celebrating the coming Fourth. It is hoped that the citizens of Lexington and Arlington Centre will this year join with those of the Heights and help to make the day a success. All interested are invited to be present and offer suggestions, and a good attendance is desired.

The Sunshine club held its annual meeting on Wednesday afternoon of last week, at which time a constitution and by-laws were adopted. The club has now a membership of fifty. The club met again last Wednesday at Mrs. Rankin's, when the following officers were elected for the coming year:

President, Mrs. T. A. Jernegan. Vice-president, Mrs. E. I. Downing. Recording secretary, Mrs. W. E. Lloyd.

Corresponding secretary, Mrs. J. T. White.

Treasurer, Mrs. C. T. Parsons. Flower and visiting committee, Mrs. Rankin, Miss Edith Kendall, Mrs. Leander Pierce.

Committee on admissions, Miss Susie Haskell.

Just a word with you, good friend, concerning the difficulty there is in getting news that will please everybody. Allow us to whisper in your ear what we sometimes learn when making our pleasant rounds of the Heights. Here are a few of the exclamations which we occasionally hear: "How in the name of common sense did you get so mixed up in your statement of that accident of which you wrote! Why, you got everything wrong end foremost—you didn't even get the unfortunate man's name right."

"Dear me, Mr. Editor, don't give that man any more such taffy as you did in your last issue. He is lacking every day in the week public spirit, and yet you make him out the very embodiment of public spirit." "Why do you have so much to say of the Arlington Heights Baptist church? We are getting tired of it, and beside there is another church on the Heights. "Why do you now and then get such silly trash into your Arlington Heights locals?" "Isn't it better to be all the while dignified and sensible?" "Oh, how I would like to run a newspaper!" Now, we invariably possess our souls with patience while listening to these mild and suggestive criticisms, and then go directly to our office and write up the news of the Heights just as though not a word or a protest had been uttered. What else can we do, pray? We think much of Arlington Heights and her people. The locality is a delightful one, and her people are enterprising. We seldom or never fail to make the Heights two or three times every week. The patronage she gives the Enterprise is a generous one. Thanks.

Miss Oaks of Tanager street fell into the sewer ditch last evening and was badly hurt. Mr. Mundles took her home in Mr. Stone's wagon.

The H. O. P. club is to hold its next meeting with the Misses Butler.

Miss Emily Swett will spend a portion of her summer vacation in Maine.

Cromwell Was a Ruthless Victor. We must remember always that under Cromwell there was no burning at the stake, no dreadful torture in cold blood, and therefore at his worst he rises in degree above Philip and Alva. But in kind his deeds in Ireland were the same as theirs in the Netherlands, and, though the Puritan soldiers were guiltless of the hideous licentiousness shown by the Spaniards or by the armies of Tilly and Wallenstein, yet the merciless butchery of the entire garrisons and of all the priests—accompanied by the slaughter of other noncombatants in at least some cases—leave Drogheda and Wexford as black and terrible stains on Cromwell's character.

Cromwell and his lieutenants put down the insurrection and established order because they gained such sweeping victories, not because Cromwell made merciless use of his first victories. It was the fighting of the Puritans in the battle itself which won and not their ferocity after the battle, and it was Cromwell who not merely gave free rein to this ferocity, but inspired it. Seemingly quarter would have been freely given had it not been for his commands. Neither in morals nor in policy were these slaughters justifiable. Moreover, it must be remembered that the men slaughtered were entirely guiltless of the original massacres in Ulster.—Theodore Roosevelt in Scribner's.

Politeness Wasted. A guileless rustic who wished to become attached to one of our railways emerged from the examination room and informed the expectant relatives that he had failed to pass the sight test.

"Why, you can't have!" exclaimed the father, who was horrified at the thought. "You're no more color blind than I am."

"Happen not, but they won't have me," answered the rustic bitterly. "It all comes o' trying to be polite an obliging, as you said I was to be, feyther."

"But I can't see how being polite could make any difference," quavered the father.

"It did, though," said the rustic. "The old chap held something up an says: 'This is green, isn't it? Come, now, isn't it green?' quite pleading like, and, though I could see it was red, I couldn't find it in my 'art to tell him he was wrong for fear he might take offense. So I simply said, 'It is, yer honor, an they bundled me out. No more politeness for me. It don't pay.'—London Answers.

WHILE THE HEART BEATS YOUNG.

While the heart beats young, oh, the splendor of the spring.
With all her dewy jewels on, is not so fair a thing.
The fairest, rarest morning of the blossom time of May
Is not so sweet a season as the season of today.
While youth's divine climate folds and folds us, close caressed,
As we feel our mothers with us by the touch of face and breast;
Our bare feet in the meadows and our fancies up among
The airy clouds of morning—while the heart beats young!

While the heart beats young and our pulses leap and dance,
With every day a holiday and life a glad romance,
We hear the birds with wonder, and with wonder watch their flight,
Standing still the more enchanted, both of hearing and of sight,
When they have vanished wholly, for, in fancy, wing to wing
We fly to heaven with them, and, returning, still we sing
The praise of this lower heaven with tireless voice and tongue,
Even as the Master sanctions—while the heart beats young.

While the heart beats young! While the heart beats young!
Oh, green and gold old earth of ours, with azure overhung
And looped with rainbows, grant us yet this grassy lap of thine;
We would be still thy children through the shower and the shine!
So pray we, hilling, whispering, in childish love and trust,
With our beseeching hands and faces lifted from the dust,
By fervor of the poem, all unwritten and un sung,
Thou givest us an answer, while the heart beats young.

—James Whitcomb Riley.

THE PASSING OF THE LAIRD

A Story of the South African War.

It was that field of dread memory—Magersfontein. From dawn—when the belching hill front of fire had moved in swaths the ranks of the Black Watch—till dusk—when the last gun had sent its whistling shrapnel—the air had seemed to live and screech and scream and to maim, blast and wither the men of the Highland brigade.

The dark African night had flung its blackness over Magersfontein, and in the scanty scrub and hollows remained those who could not well retire when the bugles, with reluctant notes, sounded the retreat.

Piper Duncan Farquharson sat up and groaned. His last experience of life had been rather mixed. He remembered retiring behind a wire fence, and after he had scampered over the veldt a few dozen yards something happened. What this was Duncan was uncertain, but as he felt his head he knew he had been hit.

The blood had caked hard on his neck and collar, and as he moved it began anew to trickle down his face. He took out his handkerchief and bandaged his wounds as well as he could.

His pipes were safe. He could feel the reeds lying over his knees. He bent to grasp them.

He was tormented with an awful thirst. His water bottle was still intact, and he raised it to his lips. Still the thirst continued.

He sat up and considered. Where was his company? Where was the captain and his lieutenant, the young laird, who bore the same name as he bore? He would go to them. So he went.

He rose up and, reeling, fell. He rose again and once more came down. Then he crawled.

There were groans and curses and sobs from the darkness, and sometimes a wild yell tore the night asunder. There were calls for water in all the dialects spoken north of the Tweed and in many forms of southern Anglo-Saxon.

Duncan crawled through them. At last he came to the barbed wire entanglements. As he crawled through these the barbs tore his kilt and hose, and he felt them enter his flesh, but at last he threw himself clear.

Then he rolled down a short way, and a bowlder brought him up. He put out his hand to protect his face and caught another hand, cold and clammy, in his own.

"Is that you, laird?" said Piper Duncan Farquharson.

"Ah, it's you, Duncan," said Lieutenant Duncan Farquharson.

"Ah, it's me, laird. Are ye sair hurt?"

"Oh, I don't know, Duncan. For heaven's sake, if you have any water, give me some!"

"I've nae water, laird, but I'll get ye some. Ye are awfu' caul', though," said the piper.

He took off his tunic and wrapped the laird in it as well as could be done under the circumstances.

The laird suddenly stirred.

"Do you mind the loch your father and we two used to fish at the back o' Ben-d-houran? Now, was it a Jock Scott he used? I don't remember."

He shivered; then he came back to Magersfontein.

"Duncan, lad, if you can move, bring me a drink of water."

Duncan sat still and felt his head. He heard with his ears, but his brain had not yet comprehended.

Then consciousness returned to him. He must obey the laird.

It was in these circumstances that Piper Farquharson robbed the dead on Magersfontein.

His field of operation was limited, but he had many within it, limited though it might be.

Duncan pilaged from an officer a silver flask which its owner would never more require.

With other melancholy loot Duncan crawled slowly back to the laird, and, feeling for his face, he poured whisky and water between his lips.

The laird caught his trembling hand.

"Steady, Duncan! I've enough. I'm f—ing. Keep it for yourself."
"Na, na, laird; tak' some mair o't. I'll tak' some myself, though."
He drank the mixture, and, as the spirit brought back life into his trembling frame, he said:
"Man, laird, I houp that officer chiel was a good levin man. He deserves to gang to a place there's nae sich a drought as there's here."

"You were always plucky, Duncan," said the lieutenant. "But I'm going." His voice was now at a whisper.

"Na, na; ye'll tak' anither drapple!" said the piper, and again he poured a few drops between the laird's lips.

"Duncan, could you play a march before I go?"

"I'll try, but ma heid awfu' queer. Hiv ye my pipes?"

"Yes; I kept them in my left hand." Piper Farquharson tuned his pipes.

"Now, the 'Laughs o' Cromdale,' Duncan. I'm going," whispered the laird.

"Na, na; yer nae gaun, laird! I'll play ye a reel." And over the desolation floated the springing crispness of the "Perth Hunt."

From the darkness the sentries on the heights and in the trenches fired off their rifles, and their sleepy comrades stood to their arms. These veredomed petticoat roolnecks were to make a night attack. Suddenly the music stopped.

"Dae ye mind that? It was danced at yer coming o' age."

"Yes, I remember, Duncan. But play the march and sit down here beside me. I'm cold. It will soon be snow, Duncan."

Duncan, whose head was throbbing with the effort in playing the reel, crawled down beside his laird.

"Aye; I think it will be snow afore mornin'," he said.

Then Piper Farquharson played marches and strathspeys, and in the cold and darkness death came to many of his audience. But as they fell asleep and their thirst was sated and their pain eased, their lullaby was, to them, the sweetest they had heard since childhood.

Duncan could play no more. It was indeed only fitfully he had played at all.

And the laird was passing.

"Goodbye, old man, and thanks!" sighed the laird. "If you go home, tell them I sent my love. I wrote to them all yesterday. Good!"

There was a slight tinkle, the laird fell sideways. He had gone with his comrades.

The dawn would come soon. Already the summits of the eastern hills were beginning to appear through the grayness. Day was coming, and the night and those who had gone under its blackness were now to be numbered with that which had been.

Duncan, however, was only concerned about one thing.

The laird was gone. He had asked him for a march. He should have one. Duncan rose, propped himself against the bowlder and stood over the body of his lieutenant.

Then over the veldt the low, wailing strains of "Lochaber No More" rose and swelled in the dawn, like the voice of a mother mourning with a sore articulate grief the loss of her children.

It was well played. The infinite sorrow, the wild hopelessness of the music rang out over veldt and kopje, and the more superstitious among the Boers muttered that "it was the wailing of the souls of the petticoat roolnecks." It was probably Piper Farquharson's best effort. It was his last.

The Boer sentinel in the advanced trench saw, as the dawn came, a roolneck standing facing him. He was a petticoat and might have thousands behind him. The sentry brought his rifle to the "present." It was an easy shot—a tall man, with no khaki tunic to deceive the marksman. Then the Mauser barked.

In this wise Piper Duncan Farquharson of the Highland brigade rejoined his laird.—Detroit News.

The Russian Peasant.

It is asserted by those who have lived among them that the lowest types of modern European civilization are probably the Russians. While writers and travelers vary as to the future of Russia nearly all are agreed as to the utter degradation at present of the Russian peasant. He is always on the verge of starvation and is absolutely improvident, while his gross and complete ignorance is combined with the most extravagant superstition. Like all low natures, he is thoroughly distrustful of reform, and as a climax to his infirmities he is a confirmed drinker.

Middle class in Russia there is practically none. The small shopkeepers combine exorbitant charges with shameful usury. Manufacturers and producers are nearly all foreigners, and the larger trade of the country is chiefly in German hands. Education may after the lapse of several generations remove the inherent dullness of this people, but it will be no easy matter to root out evils which are the growth of centuries of serfdom and distress.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The Same Effect.

"It is very odd," remarked Mr. Hubbub, "that in Africa there is a tribe which cannot wear clothes at all. Clothes make them sick. Isn't it strange, dear?"

"Not at all," replied Mrs. Hubbub. "The same thing happens in this country also."

"Oh, surely not! I never heard of such a thing in civilized countries."

"Well, Mr. Hubbub, I can tell you that even in this great and glorious land the same phenomenon is by no means unknown. When I see Mrs. Poindexter coming out every month or so with a fine new outfit from head to foot, her clothes make me sick—make me sick, I say, Mr. Hubbub—when I reflect that you are just as able to buy me new clothes as Mr. Poindexter is to buy them for his wife and don't."

And Mrs. Hubbub dissolved in tears.—Smart Set.

Continued from Page 1.
their pageant passes before us, and they would receive impressions that a whole lifetime of sorrow and drudgery could not efface. To how many souls has nature become one of the most precious of the sacraments? Many wise mothers utilize the summer vacation for nature-study. There is now at hand a charming literature upon the subject; and to avoid the demoralization of summer-hotel and boarding-house life, and the sustained and purposeless idleness, they take their children through a different out-of-door study every year. The result of such intelligent and fascinating devotion upon the habits and character of their children cannot be computed.

Probably the chief obstacle to improvement in our public schools is the material of which the average teacher is made. To look over a convention of grammar-school teachers is not reassuring. One instinctively knows the accent and the English that will be used in their unventilated classrooms. When Professor Tyler was asked what he would do for New England teachers, if it lay in his power to improve them, he naively replied: "I am reminded of the Scotch revival, and of the deacon's answer to the question, 'How many additions have been made to the kirk during the work of grace?' 'Oh, no one has come in,' he replied, 'but a lot have gone out.'" Better things are in promise. The increasing number of graduates from our women's colleges each year who seek the teacher's vocation will in time exceed the demand for them in the higher schools, and, with the overspill, objection to teaching in the lower grades will disappear. The fact that a kindergarten teacher has as much social recognition as a high school teacher is also a sign of promise. Indeed, the present tendencies are such as exalt the real teacher both socially and professionally, and the shifts we have noted but mark the steps in the development of a natural and scientific method.—Watchman.

At an educational meeting in Boston the other evening, President Capen of Tufts college said the primary teachers are "angels of the republic." And Dr. Edward Everett Hale said he felt at liberty to walk into any schoolroom and speak to any teacher as one engaged in the same work as himself, namely, trying to bring in the kingdom of God. He said he thought that the primary school had done as much toward bringing in the kingdom of God in this community as any institution. He declared that he was glad to see the increasing contempt for books; he had all his life been trying to teach people contempt for books, for it was as true now as ever that the letter kills, and it is only the spirit that gives life. Prof. Arlo Bates of the Institution of technology said: "In heaven's name have the curriculum from the first grade clear up to the top of the fitting school lessened 40 per cent., and if you make it 60 it won't do any harm."

The editor of the Enterprise is to speak on Saturday evening, May 26, in Byfield, Newbury, on the subject, "Looking two ways."

We aint a-regrettin' nuthin'! We're happy along the way.
An' thankin' God for the sunshine he sends us ever' day!
Fer the